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THE NEW ORGAN FOR ETON COLLEGE.

THE chapel of Eton College has lately undergone the process of complete restoration. The stone-work has been thoroughly cleaned; the barbarous lath-and-plaster ceiling has been removed; the fine oak inner-roof (with the addition of new decorative work, thus coming once more into light; and all the stalls, seats, and other oak-work of the interior, are new. The restoration has been completed from the designs and under the superintendence of Mr. Deason, the architect to the college, to whose skill and taste the present appearance of the interior pays the best and most graceful tribute. The chapel of Eton College is now, indeed, a very beautiful specimen of its class, of Gothic architecture, and there are few buildings in or near London that will better repay the trouble of a visit.

The old organ—built by John Gray, about twenty years since—still stands in the ante-chapel at the west end of the building but its use has been found to be attended with so much inconvenience—chiefly on account of its distance from the choir—that it has been abandoned, and a new instrument has been erected in a position better suited to the requirements of the service. The new organ is from the manufactory of Messrs. Gray and Davison, and is, on the whole, an excellent specimen of these builders. It stands on the floor, against the southern wall of the building, and nearly in the centre of its length. Its case, designed by Mr. Deason—is of oak, very richly and elaborately carved, and exhibits considerable originality of conception, and much beautiful effect. In endeavouring, however, to preserve an unbroken range of front with the stalls, the depth of the organ-case has been so extremely and even absurdly contracted, as at once to suggest, especially on a side-view, the notion of something made of squeezable materials, which has been thrown against the wall, and flattened there by its own impetus. And we shall have occasion presently to notice a more important evil resulting from this sacrifice of the useful to secure some ideal line of beauty. The organ itself contains three manuals, and twenty-nine stops—viz., ten in the great organ, nine in the swell, nine in the choir, and one in the pedals. There are, besides, five copulas—namely, great to pedal, choir to pedal, swell to great, swell to choir, and a sub-octave copula from great to choir. We regret to notice that in the great and choir manuals, the old-fashioned, expensive, and ineffective G G compass has been adopted. Now that enlightened notions

of organ-effect, and an advanced condition of executive dexterity, have completely exposed the fallacies of this system of construction, we had hoped never again to witness a revival of the antiquated absurdity; and it is the more to be regretted in this instance that Messrs. Gray and Davison have lent the sanction of their name and practice to that which they cannot, in conscience, approve. Of the general voicing of the organ, we are enabled, by minute examination, to speak in high terms. The flue-work of the great organ is prompt, clear, and forcible in speech; the diapasons are full and sonorous, and the mixtures have all the ringing brilliancy for which the builders are remarkable; although, the size of the building being considered, we are disposed to object that the scales of these mixtures are somewhat too small, whereby the *weight* of tone in the treble part of the instrument has been unwisely diminished. The large 8-foot reed (trombone) of the great organ is one of the very finest specimens of its class we know of in this country. Up to the middle C of the clavier it is perfectly magnificent, and this, too, quite equally so, whether used as a solo or with the full organ. Upwards, after passing middle C, however, it has the vice of all English reeds—that of becoming comparatively thin and nasal in quality—a vice, by the way, which no care on the part of our builders will extirpate, until they adopt the corrective now universally applied by their fellow-labourers in France. Before quitting this part of the instrument, we must notice that the great organ suffers materially from the absence of any 16-foot register—a defect which is but slenderly compensated by the sub-octave copula before mentioned.

The delicate work of the choir, dulciana, keraulophon, flutes, &c., is beautifully managed. One of the flutes has a total novelty of construction, which is difficult to explain without a drawing, but of which the musical effect is singularly bright and mellifluous. The clarinet (cremona), is an exquisitely-voiced reed, and has, in this instance, a downward range to tenor C; a very judicious enlargement of the usual compass, serving to heighten the extraordinary resemblance of this stop to its orchestral prototype.

The swell, though but of the tenor C compass, is powerful, brilliant, and effective. The oboe is singularly even, and of the delicate and attenuated quality of tone which ought always to characterise this stop. We cannot speak so highly, however, of the cornepean. Its dashing metallic *clang*, while adding much to the general brilliance of the swell clavier, is

accompanied by an amount of thinness which materially detracts from its merit as a solo-stop.

Without, at the present moment, at all referring to the musical defects of the G G compass, we cannot forbear to notice two or three practical inconveniences of the highest magnitude, which its adoption has occasioned in this particular instance. In the first place, the dimensions of the organ-case being so grievously contracted—in width, by the size of the bay in which it stands, and in depth, by the line of front of the stalls—the large extra amount of internal space required by the G G, as compared with the C C, compass, has occasioned such a fearful huddling together of pipes and mechanism, that the effect of both one and the other is materially compromised. It is a marvel how some of the pipes—the great organ reeds especially—find room to speak; and it will be a still greater marvel if anybody fatter than a lath should ever be able to make his way to the interior of the instrument for any corrective purpose. Pipes will get out of tune, and mechanism will occasionally get disordered; and, we opine, it will be but sorry comfort to an organist to be humoured with the G G compass at the expense of such a condition of things as renders tuning or regulating next to impossible. Architects and obstinate "G G organists" should consult with organ-builders on these matters, and not insist on having many of the most important conditions of an instrument violated, either to display some pretty piece of Gothic knick-knackery, or to indulge a disposition too lazy to acquire a right school of playing.

Again, the large additional expense incurred by the use of this compass in the great and choir organs would, if spared here, have gone far towards the cost of extending the present swell down to C C,—a material improvement in any instrument, but in the present instance—with all the conditions of vast and resonant space to fill—of almost inestimable value. And, lastly, since by no conceivable stretch of ingenuity could a complete scale of pedal notes down to G G G be crammed into the organ-case, we have the detestable anomaly of a broken and inverted scale on the pedal-board—C C C being the lowest actual sound, while the pedals make a pretence of descending to the G below.

We cannot close our notice of the Eton organ without referring to one of its peculiarities, which is novel in English work, and well worthy attentive consideration. The pipes which stand in the front of its case are of pure tin, burnished, and left wholly undecorated. All the large pipes are finished with the peculiar form of mouth still in vogue on the Continent, and the effect of the whole is extremely chaste, yet brilliant, and can scarcely fail to appeal most favourably to the tastefully-educated eye. Furthermore the small open diapason of the great organ is made throughout of this same metal—namely, pure tin; and its tone contrasts as strongly with that of a similar stop of the common metal, as does its

appearance. It is by far the most beautiful stop in the organ, and its lovely, singing quality will irresistibly fascinate the auditor of taste. We trust this will prove the first step in a general custom. The burnished tin "fronts"—universal on the Continent—are as superior in appearance to the coarse and heavy gilding, or the still more questionable frippery of mediæval "diapering," of our practice, as is the bright, cheerful, thoroughly musical tone yielded by this metal, to the ponderous and often vulgar character of sound usually extracted from that vile compound of lead and antimony, of which the English organ-builders enjoy the exclusive use.

BALL IN AID OF DISTRESSED MUSICIANS.

THE result of the Ball in aid of Distressed Musicians, given by the band of the Amateur Musical Society, during the present season, at the Hanover Square Rooms, has turned out highly satisfactory. The receipts, deducting the expenses of the room, refreshments, advertising, &c., amounted to £479 13s., which sum was distributed among forty-three applicants, strongly recommended. It is unnecessary to print the list of names.

The following members of the Amateur Band, which executed the music in really first-rate style, officiated in the orchestra:—

First Violins.—Mr. Mendes, Mr. d'Egville, Mr. Alexander Leslie, and Mr. Pawle. Second Violins.—Mr. St. Vincent Jervis, Captain Hotham, and Mr. George Ames. Tenors.—Mr. G. W. Owen, and Mr. Willett Adye. Violoncelli.—Captain Paget, Mr. Frederick Lawford, and Mr. Henry Leslie. Bassi.—The Duke of Leinster, Lord Gerald Fitzgerald, Sir A. K. Macdonald, Bart., and Mr. Frederick Leslie. Flutes.—Major the Hon. Horace Pitt, and Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton. Cornetti.—Captain Baillie, and Mr. Breedon. Leader.—Mr. C. Boosi, Bandmaster of the Scots Fusilier Guards.

The whole proceeding confers the highest honour upon the distinguished gentlemen who projected and carried it out with so much spirit and good-will.

BALFE.

THE public is sure to respond to the appeal of this favourite composer, who has announced his benefit at Her Majesty's Theatre for Monday night. Not relying altogether on the powerful attractions of his own name, Balfé has provided a grand and multifarious entertainment for the delectation of his patrons. The opera will be *Don Giovanni*, newly and strongly cast. Madame Fiorentini will be the Donna Anna; Madame Evelina Garcia (her first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre), Donna Elvira; Madame Tacani Tasco (her first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre), Zerlina; Calzolari, Don Ottavio; F. Lablache, Mazetto; Signor Susini, Il Commendatore; Leporello, Lablache; and Don Giovanni, Signor de Bassini. The cast—although by no means so efficient as that announced in the prospectus for this year, when Mademoiselle Wagner, Madame Sontag,

and Sofie Cruvelli were to have supported respectively the characters of Donna Anna, Zerlina, and Donna Elvira—looks well; so, we shall hope for the best. After the opera, the charming Charton will give a scena from *Sonnambula*, in costume; the bird-throated De la Grange will warble Schuloff's Mazurka, also in costume; and Gardoni will introduce, also in costume, a scena from *Lucia*. In the course of the evening a variety of ballet divertissements will be given.

To meet the wishes of all his patrons, Balfe has consented to alter the prices to play-house prices, a move, at this time of the year, pregnant with policy.

That every disengaged body, *en fonds*, will hasten to Her Majesty's Theatre on Monday night, is removed from the pale of doubt. Balfe, sustained by Mozart, Bellini, Schuloff, Nadaud, and the pick of Mr. Lumley's operatic establishment, not forgetting the graces of the Ballet, Rosati, Fleury, and Guy Stephan, and the charming choregraphs, cannot choose, but draw one of the greatest houses of the season. We hope so, for Balfe's sake, and for the sake of the public at large.

JULLIEN'S OPERA.

Pietro il Grande has been postponed until Thursday, when it is announced to be positively produced. The first full orchestra rehearsal took place yesterday, when the singers and chorus all seemed *au fait* in their parts. The ballet has been in rehearsal some time. M. Alexandre, who has composed the figures for the dances, from the commencement, eagerly set to work to have his choregraphic corps in complete training, and, as we understand, has succeeded to his utmost wishes. The chorus has been largely reinforced, and will constitute one of the most powerful choral bodies even heard within the walls of a theatre. In short, Mr. Gye has done everything in his power to do justice to Jullien's new work, the triumphant success of which, there is little doubt, we shall have to record in our next number.

FOREIGN RESUME.

PARIS.—At the Grand Opera, *L'Enfant Prodigue* of Auber has been revived; but the great event of last week was the re-appearance of the tenor, Mathieu, who made his first appearance at the Opera five years ago. The Parisian musical papers are mostly loud in Mathieu's praise. *La France Musicale* speaks of him in the following terms:—

"During his absence from Paris, this young artist has appeared on the boards of the most important theatres in the provinces. He afterwards proceeded to Milan, in order to finish his musical education under the celebrated professor of singing, Lamperti. Mathieu chose for his re-appearance the character of Edgardo in the *Lucia*, that *chef-d'œuvre* of Donizetti, which the public is never tired of hearing. From the very first notes he sang, it was evident to every one present that his voice had gained greatly in brilliancy, extent, and flexibility. His bursts of feeling in the celebrated scene of the malediction were magnificent, and on several occasions he almost equalled his most cele-

brated predecessors in the part. There are certain exaggerations of manner about him which he has acquired in the provinces, and of which he must get rid. When he has done this, he will merit the favour with which the public has received him."

Depassio has been re-engaged at the Grand Opera for three years.

M. Adolphe Adam's opera of *Giralda* was to be revived this week at the *Opéra Comique*.

The two new operas, one by M. Reber, and the other by M. Clapisson, are being rehearsed simultaneously at the *Opéra Comique*.

It appears now very certain that Mademoiselle Caroline Duprez will sing next winter at the *Opéra Comique*.

The *Théâtre Lyrique* will open on the 1st September. Mons. Adolphe Adam's opera is in active rehearsal. It will be followed by the one composed by Mons. G. Bousquet.

Monsieur de St. Georges, the celebrated *librettist*, is entirely recovered from his severe indisposition.

The receipts of the theatres receiving an allowance from Government, and of the concerts and balls of Paris during the month of June, are as follows:—

Theatres (<i>subventionnés</i>)	187,750 fr. 22 c.
Concerts, cafés-concerts, balls	76,963 25
Total		264,713 47
The receipts of the preceding month were		396,273 99
Showing a deficiency in the receipts of the month of June as compared to the month of May of	131,576 52

BAVARIA has just lost one of her most celebrated composers of sacred music by the death of J. B. Weigl. He has left an unpublished *Requiem*, with directions that it shall be played for the first time at his funeral.

GOTTSCALK has just received the Order of Isabella the Catholic from her Majesty the Queen of Spain.

PADUA.—On the 17th inst. a new opera, entitled the *Duke de Poix*, was represented at this place for the first time. The *libretto* is by Piane, and the music by Achilli Galli. We learn from the local papers that this new production has surpassed every one's expectations. Several pieces were encored, and the composer was called forward by the audience more than ten times. At the conclusion of the second act some one threw him a golden crown.

The official gazette of Milan of the 16th inst. contains the following notice:—"At the moment of our going to press, we received the sad intelligence that, after a long and painful illness, the justly-popular author, Cammarano, has ceased to exist. It was only three days ago that he forwarded his last *libretto* to Verdi."

MADRID.—All the *artistes* engaged at the Royal Italian Opera-house in Madrid are summoned to be there by the 20th September at the latest. The theatre will open on the 2nd October with *I due Foscari*, interpreted by Roppa as tenor, Coletti as barytone, Capuani as *prima donna*. *Semiramide* will be the next week produced, with Novello, Angri, Coletti, and Bellini. It will be followed by *Beatrice*, *I Martiri*, *Luisa Miller*, and *I Lombardi*.

OLE BULL.—This violinist, who, some years ago, reaped such a plentiful harvest in the United States, is once more essaying his fortunes in those regions. Up to the present moment his concerts have been failures. The Americans have heard Vieuxtemps and Sivioli, after whom it is unlikely that Ole Bull should retain the hold he once possessed on their admiration.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

ONE of the novelties announced in the prospectus for the present season,—“*Casilda*, a grand romantic opera, in four acts, the music by his Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha”—was produced on Thursday night, with what may be termed, after the French style, a “*succès de courtoisie*.” The libretto of this opera, by some author who rejoices in being anonymous, is not very palpable at first sight. So well as we could make out, after bestowing a more than usually close attention, Don Alfonso di Bercearde, a Spanish nobleman, has a quarrel with Don Ray d’Arcas, an account of a lady, Donna Anna, to whom the former is attached. The quarrel terminates with an encounter, in which Don Ray is supposed to be killed. Don Ray, being the favourite of the Regent, Don Alfonso is compelled to make his escape, and hides himself among gipsies. *Casilda*, a gipsy, beloved by Gomez, the chief of the wandering tribe, attracts Don Alfonso’s attention, and a mutual attachment is the consequence. Meanwhile, Donna Anna, forgetting her former lover, marries Don Luigi, the Governor of Seville, who, himself a bit of a Don Juan, meets *Casilda* at one of the convivial assemblies of the gipsies, imbibes a passion for her, and invites her to his palace. *Casilda* accepts the invitation, on condition of being accompanied by Alfonso and Gomez. At the entertainment given by Don Luigi, Don Alfonso and Donna Anna recognise each other, and the jealousy of *Casilda* is excited by certain signs of intimacy which come under her observation. This circumstance is taken advantage of by Gomez, who, through means of a series of stratagems, unnecessary to describe, brings Alfonso into such a position that, to save the honour of Donna Anna, he is compelled to avow himself a thief, and is thrown into prison. Meanwhile, however, Donna Anna confesses the secret of her early attachment for Don Alfonso to her husband; and Don Luigi, apprised of the noble self-sacrifice of one no longer his rival, since he is devoted to another, visits him in prison, and informs him that the redoubtable Don Ray (only heard of in the drama) is not dead, but living, and ready to forget and forgive. Accordingly, Alfonso, delivered from durance vile, is united to his beloved *Casilda*, and puts his unprincipled rival, Gomez, to shame and discomfiture. Take it for all in all, a more silly libretto has rarely been submitted to a musical composer.

The music of his Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha does not appeal to serious criticism. As the work of an amateur who makes that the amusement of his leisure moments which to master thoroughly demands the undivided attention of a life, it may be regarded with complacency, if not altogether with indulgence. It would be unjust to those composers gifted with invention (not a large number) to say that his Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha is blessed with that precious faculty. There is, indeed, not a sign of it in the music of *Casilda*, which, nevertheless, in spite of its incessant modulations, the invariable sign of imperfect knowledge and want of facility, its lack of consistent and intelligible form, its total absence of character, and its unmitigated platitude, possesses a certain claim to consideration in the general cleverness of the orchestral treatment, which cannot fail to attract the attention of musical judges. We have seldom had occasion to record an instance of so much being made out of so little. It is no exaggeration to say that, in the course of the four

acts of which *Casilda* is composed, not one musical idea presents itself, calculated to attract, either by its originality, or by a beauty appropriated from other sources; and yet so skilful is the instrumentation, so careful, so well contrasted and so varied, that the most fastidious hearer may listen to it throughout with unwearied patience, if never with actual pleasure. After this preamble, an analysis of the various pieces that make up the score of *Casilda* would be superfluous; we may, therefore, at once proceed to speak of the performance.

More zeal could not have been displayed in the execution of a musical work. The cast was highly efficient. *Casilda*, the gipsy, was represented by Madame Charton, and a prettier or a more intelligent gipsy could hardly have been desired. Madame Charton, it is no news to record, is an actress; and out of the rough and indefinite sketch supplied her by the dramatist, she contrived to create a real personage by no means without interest. The music assigned to her is anything but effective; nevertheless she made a great deal of it, and in the scene where *Casilda*’s jealousy is excited by the apparent intimacy of Alfonso and Donna Anna, she excited the audience to enthusiasm. The “improvisation” which is her principal musical part, passes through an endless variety of keys, without once coming to a real vocation; phrase; but Madame Charton made light of these difficulties and achieved a triumph in spite of them. To the brilliant vocalization of Madame de la Grange (Donna Anna) the opera was equally indebted. This lady’s execution of a florid cavatina and cabaletta, in act 2, “*E il pensiero*,” was nothing short of marvellous. The C sharps and D’s in alt were bestowed with not less ease than prodigality, and altogether such a performance was worthy of better music. The cabaletta was redemanded unanimously, and repeated. Signor Calzolari had an ungrateful battle to wage with the music assigned to Don Alfonso. He laboured, nevertheless, like a true artist, was perfect in every note, and more than once succeeded in producing a sensation. The parts of Don Luigi and Gomez, allotted to Signor de Bassini and Signor Sussini, have nothing to recommend them; nor could all the efforts of these gentlemen suffice to make them interesting. Mademoiselle Feller and Signor Mercuriali did their utmost for the episodic characters of Rosita and Pueblo, introduced, without any evident meaning, into the last act. The greatest pains were lavished on the general performance. A pretty and exciting *ballet divertissement*, also in the last act, with a *bolero*, in which the picturesque dancing of Mademoiselles Lamoureux and Allegri excelled general admiration, was a decided lift for the opera. In this *divertissement* the efforts of Mr. Harris, to whose active superintendence the excellence of the *mise en scene* must be attributed, demand especial praise. So admirable was the grouping managed by this gentleman in the chorus of gipsies (Act IV.), “*Sù! —Sù!*”—the music of which is a sort of *melée* of one of Henri Herz’s quadrilles, and an air from *Les Diamans de la Couronne*—that the audience encored it vehemently, and although the scene had been shifted, the repetition was insisted on. The scenery and costumes, if not absolutely new, were always appropriate and effective. The chorus and orchestra performed their duties irreproachably; and Mr. Balfe was indefatigable in his efforts to promote an efficient *ensemble*. In short, every possible justice was done to the opera of His Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, and if it failed to make a deep impression, it was not the fault of the artists employed in its execution.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From Aris's Birmingham Gazette.)

Our great Triennial Music Meeting is fast approaching. The preparatory arrangements are in active progress; the plan is on a scale of even increasing magnitude, and will embrace some features of peculiar interest. From what we have learned of the designs of the Committee, we are convinced that the Birmingham Festival of 1852 will not fall short of the greatest of its precursors, whether we regard it as one of the noblest benevolent institutions in the world, or as a powerful agent in the cultivation and improvement of music in England. For the successful prosecution of both these objects it requires the support of the public, a support hitherto liberally bestowed; but in proportion as the demands upon its usefulness are increased, greater and greater resources are necessary; and therefore we have thought of drawing the attention of our readers to its vast importance and value, by giving some particulars respecting its progress.

The Birmingham Musical Festival may be said to be coeval with our General Hospital; and the whole of the great sums which it has been the means of raising have been applied in assisting the growth of this magnificent charity. When our Festival was set on foot, in 1769, the *Messiah* had for many years been annually performed in London for the benefit of the Foundling Hospital; a practice begun by Handel himself, and continued long after his death. So we may conclude that it was from the "mighty Master" himself that the founders of our Festival took the idea of applying it permanently to the benefit of one great benevolent establishment. This mode of application has been peculiar to the Birmingham Festival. While the profits made by all the others have been divided among a number of objects of greater or less utility, the benefit from ours has been concentrated upon one, the importance of which cannot be surpassed. The power of money is enhanced, like every other power, by being brought to bear upon a single point; and had the immense funds realized by the Birmingham Festival during the greatest part of a century been frittered away among a multitude of minor purposes, can any one believe that the sum of good would have approached the result gained by the constant support and progressive growth of the Birmingham General Hospital?

The people of Birmingham and its neighbourhood know and feel the good done by the General Hospital; but many persons are probably not aware of its vast amount. Between the years 1779—when the Hospital was opened for the relief of sick and lame poor, without limitation as to birth-place or settlement—and 1851, 83,475 in-patients, and 262,013 out-patients—nearly three hundred and fifty thousand poor people have been admitted, and have received every relief which careful tending and skilful treatment could bestow. What an alleviation of human suffering! This sum of benefit, too, has been constantly increasing; from 529 patients in the year 1780, to 23,580 in the year 1850; an increase of good which has regularly followed the gradual increase of means, and which, in time to come, will have no other limit.

Now this increase of means has flowed from the Musical Festival, which has been the main support of the Hospital, and, indeed, essential to its very existence. As the Hospital has grown, the Festival has supplied the life-blood which has fed its growth. Such has been the case for many years past,

and such, we trust, it will be for many years to come. Our Festival has flourished through many changes of musical taste and fashion; and, while some have disappeared and others languish, it shows no signs of decay.

Like many other great undertakings, the Birmingham Festival rose from a small beginning. During the triennial periods from 1769 to 1796 inclusive, the aggregate profits amounted only to £4092; though, even then, they were progressive, the profit of 1769 being but £299, while that of 1796 was £897. But the year 1799 was the beginning of a new era. It was then that our late lamented townsman, Mr. Joseph Moore, entered upon that influential management of the Festival which continued with unabated zeal and activity to the day of his death. His reputation for judgment and taste induced the Hospital Committee to consult him as to the plan of the Festival of that year, and the result of his enlarged views was a profit of £1470. From that time they gradually increased in the scale of expense and the amount of profits, till in 1823 the receipts amounted to the great sum of £11,115, of which £5806 was clear profit. The Festival had now attained a magnitude which rendered it apparent that its further progress would be checked, unless a more spacious and convenient locality than St. Philip's Church could be obtained for the performances; and hence arose those strenuous and persevering efforts in which Mr. Moore took the lead, and which brought about the erection of our superb Town Hall, an edifice of which not Birmingham only, but England, has reason to be proud. The opening of the Town Hall was inaugurated by the Festival of 1834, which was planned on so great and splendid a scale, that its expenditure amounted to no less than £8037, while it realised a profit of £5489, whereof £4035 was paid over to the Treasurers of the Hospital, while, of the remainder, £1200 was paid to the Town Hall Committee, for the purpose of lengthening the Hall to make it more suitable for the Festival, and £254 was applied towards the expenses of the organ. The subsequent Festivals have been in a similar style of grandeur, and their profits, though they have varied from temporary circumstances, have been of corresponding magnitude. The sum paid over to the General Hospital, from the first Festival, in 1769, to the last, in 1849, amounts to £65,848. The Organ in the Town Hall, one of the greatest and finest in Europe, and valued at £5500, is also the property of the Hospital; which institution, accordingly, has been benefitted by the Festival to the extent of above seventy thousand pounds sterling.

The profits of the Festival are the main source from which its expenditure is defrayed. This has been the case from the beginning, and is so now as much as ever. It appears by the Hospital accounts for many years back, that the annual subscriptions and donations have not covered more than one half of the yearly expenditure, and that the Charity has consequently been dependent on casual sources of income, and above all, on the profits of the Festivals. This is strikingly apparent from the last (the seventy-second) Annual Report of the Auditors of the Hospital for the year ending at Midsommer, 1851. The Auditors state that the expenditure of the Hospital for the fifteen months from the above date to the period at which receipts from the next Musical Festival may be expected, cannot be estimated at less than £7000, towards which the Institution can only count upon receipts, from subscriptions, donations, dividends, &c., to the amount of £3746. "This prospect," says the Report, "cannot be considered as encouraging in a financial

point of view, and demands the careful consideration of the Committee and Governors, but the auditors trust, nevertheless, to that consideration, and to the public spirit of the inhabitants of this town and district—on whom the Hospital has for seventy-two years conferred such inestimable benefits—to prevent any necessity for undue contraction in the extent, or declension in the efficiency of its present extended sphere of usefulness." A further proof of the present urgent necessity for large pecuniary support is to be found in the proceedings of the quarterly meeting of the Governors and Subscribers to the Hospital on the 21st of the present month. It then appeared that the Treasurer's account was overdrawn to the amount of £524, in addition to cheques signed that day for £436, in order to clear the expenditure to the end of May; it was estimated that the necessary expenditure for the next four months would create a total deficit of £2800; and in this state of affairs the gentlemen present advocated an appeal to the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood for the support of an Institution which conferred such important benefits. This appeal, so just and well-grounded, our public can most effectually answer by continuing to the Birmingham Festival the support it has constantly received for three quarters of a century—a support which has been the main source of the greatness of our noble and magnificent Charity; while at the same time they will provide for themselves a grand and elevating entertainment, and will contribute (as they have done so long) to the cultivation of a beautiful art, pre-eminent for its importance as a source of social enjoyment, and for its salutary influences on human character—raising the mind above sensual gratifications, and opening it to the admission of holy thoughts and gentle feelings.

In this point of view the Birmingham Festival has been not less remarkable than it has been a powerful agent in the cause of "God-like charity." Its long existence has embraced a period which may be regarded as the most eventful in the history of music, a period of constant and rapid progress. And this progress the Birmingham Festival has contributed to accelerate, because it has not only kept pace with, but has rather been in advance of, the taste and knowledge of the age. In truth, when we peruse the records of the Birmingham Festival, we seem to be reading the History of Music for three quarters of a century; for we find that the greatest works of genius in every branch of the art have been brought under the notice of our provincial public as soon as they were known, and sometimes before they were known, to the metropolis itself; nay more, several of the most sublime of these master-pieces have derived their being from the Birmingham Festival. And its records, in like manner, bear the name of every great artist, vocal or instrumental, who has appeared in England during the whole period of its duration.

Looking back, for example, to the beginning of the present century, we find the illustrious Billington, then in the zenith of her fame, giving, in concert with Harrison, Vaughan, and Bartleman, those exquisite performances of English glees which have never since been equalled; that beautiful and truly national description of music having long been allowed to fall into unmerited neglect, though there is now a prospect of its revival. At that period, too, we find Braham, then in his youthful prime, astonishing the public by the universality of his powers, from the sublime strains of the *Messiah* to an Italian bravura, or an English ballad. In the year 1811 we notice the performance of a symphony of

Beethoven, at a time when the Philharmonic Society, which first brought the works of that mighty master into notice in the metropolis, had not begun to exist. In the same year we had Catalani, when her astonishing powers were yet new to the English public, with Tramezzani, one of the greatest dramatic singers that has ever appeared; and from these great artists we had fine specimens of the operas of Mozart, then almost unknown. In 1814 we enjoyed the dawning genius of Stephens, whose star had just appeared on the horizon, and who, for many years afterwards, was one of the brightest ornaments of our Festivals. In 1826, we had the merit of producing, for the first time in England, the sublime *Tod Jesu* of Graun, a work regarded in Germany as the *Messiah* is in England, and the beautiful and pathetic *Joseph* of Mehul. The Festival of 1834, which, as we have already mentioned, formed the inauguration of our new Town Hall, was memorable in various respects. It was in that year that the orchestra and chorus were enlarged to about 370 performers, a strength required by the vastness of the locality, but which has subsequently been still further increased, the tuneful host in 1849 having been nearly five hundred strong. The year 1834 was distinguished by the production of the Chevalier Neukomm's Oratorio of *David*, written expressly for the Festival, and performed under the direction of the composer. The effect of the performance was so great that it is somewhat difficult to account for the neglect into which a work unquestionably possessed of much grandeur and beauty has subsequently fallen. The cause, we take it, is a deficiency of originality. Neukomm was the disciple of Haydn, and in all his works we are too much reminded of the style of his master. More memorable still was the great event of 1837, the production of the *St. Paul* of Mendelssohn. It is to the Birmingham Festival that the world owes the existence of this mighty work. During Mendelssohn's first visit to England in 1829, Mr. Moore, who made his acquaintance, discerned the character of his genius, and afterwards visited him at Berlin, with the view of suggesting to him the composition of an oratorio—a suggestion of which not only *St. Paul*, but all Mendelssohn's sacred works may be regarded as the fruits. At the next Festival of 1840, the famous *Lobgesang*, or *Hymn of Praise*, a work which combines the forms of the orchestral symphony and the cantata, also composed expressly for Birmingham, was performed. And in 1846, our Festival added the crowning glory to the name of Mendelssohn by producing his immortal *Elijah*. He personally directed the performance of all these masterpieces; on the last occasion he officiated, in conjunction with Mr. Moscheles, as general conductor of the Festival, and his amiable manners will be long remembered by those who enjoyed the pleasure of his society.

Our last Festival, in 1849, must be fresh in the memory of our readers. The musical direction was now placed in the hands of Mr. Costa, whose deep and comprehensive knowledge of his art, great practical experience, and energy of character, render him the ablest conductor that this country has ever possessed. Many important improvements were made by him in the orchestral arrangements; and the performances (which included a repetition of the *Elijah*, and another work of Mendelssohn's, the dramatic Cantata of *Athalie*) were the most complete and splendid that Birmingham has ever witnessed.

Having taken this retrospect of the history of the Birmingham Musical Festival—necessarily slight and general, but sufficient, we trust, to impress our readers with a just conception of its important character and beneficial influence—

we propose, in the interval prior to the approaching Festival in September, to give a series of papers on topics connected with it; including a sketch of the life of Handel, with some remarks on his works, particularly the *Messiah* and *Sampson*, both of which it is intended to perform; an outline of the life of Mendelssohn, with observations on his principal compositions; a brief memoir of Haydn in connection with his great Oratorio, the *Creation*; together with such comments on the new works to be produced, performers engaged, &c., as may be suggested by the arrangements as they transpire. If, by these means, we can do ever so little towards increasing the public interest in the approaching performances, we shall rejoice to think that our humble efforts in a good cause will not have been wholly useless.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.

(From the Times.)

Now that the in-door amusements are becoming irreconcilable with the heat of the weather—now that the number of play-bills is diminishing, and the list of closed theatres is increasing—now that the human eye, in looking upwards, has an inclination to seek the sky rather than the ceiling, the attention of the amusement-seeking part of the population is naturally directed to those places of entertainment in which recreation and fresh air are agreeably united.

A tout Seigneur, tout honneur. In looking about the suburbs for sports of out-door diversion, the amusement-seeker will naturally first pitch upon Vauxhall. There is a certain antiquarian respectability about Vauxhall which distinguishes it from all other competitors. The amusement-seeker aforesaid may, indeed, have heard somebody talk about Ranelagh, and if, while a precocious youth, he has read *Evelina*, he has a tolerably clear notion of that Elysium of swords and snuff-boxes. So also, if he has plunged a little deeper into his books, and has come into contact with one Plato, will he have learned of the academic gardens a few yards beyond the walls of ancient Athens. But all these things belong to what Göthe calls the "closed parchment." The Academia, Ranelagh, and the Hanging-gardens of Babylon, are merely things to read about, not to see. But Vauxhall has its double advantage; it is ancient, and it exists. It is like Mr. Layard's bull in the British Museum.

For a long time our hypothetical amusement-seeker has, doubtless, been familiar with a comparison between Vauxhall and fairy-land. Unfortunately, of late years, the simile, while it has become more and more trite, has become less and less correct. Our memories need not perform such a very distant journey to hit upon a season when the demon of dinniness brooded over the "Royal property," and nothing was left to remind of fairy-land, except, perhaps, the ethereal lightness of the ham.

But this year the Gardens have shot up; Oberon and Titania have resumed possession, more lamps are lighted, more statues are erected, more effects are devised. The *coup d'œil* on emerging from the sombre entrance-passage is magnificent. The rows of lights sparkle in such pretty criss-cross fashion, and the good old orchestra looks so grand with its increased brilliancy. Then the lines of supping stalls—we beg pardon, *cafés* we believe they are called—are marvellously improved as objects for the amateur of the picturesque. There is one row, pierced with a series of apertures, commanding a continuous prospect, which convinces the epicure that he is

eating his sandwich with the Lake of Lucerne in his immediate vicinity, and, if he has no great love for Switzerland, he has only to move a yard further on, when he will find himself in a Chinese villa, civilised by the presence of European refreshments.

The amusements are of a very superior description. And here we may pause to admire the great modesty of the proprietors of gardens generally, who, when they have feasted your eyes with all possible combinations of variegated light, have opened to you long paths to walk upon and statues to stare at, and then, as a make-weight, presented you with seats whereon you may rest, consider that they have afforded you no amusement at all. Lamps, statues, fountains, are not amusements, while dancers, equestrians, Arabs, Caffres, industrious fleas, belong to the seductive category.

The amusements, we repeat, are of a very superior description. The equestrian circus has been converted into a theatre for the performance of a *ballet*, which is by no means the "Brummagem" affair that might be expected in suburban districts. Mademoiselle Pieron, the *première danseuse*, is really an accomplished artist, and the scenic effects are excellently managed after the model of the "Beverleian" splendours of the Lyceum. The *ballet* is decidedly the grand *coup*, but the historian should not pass over in silence the very pretty dioramic view of the Arctic regions, which may be seen without extra charge, nor a curious contrivance for producing halos of white or coloured light, by means of a novel arrangement of reflectors. To say that the Vauxhall fireworks fizz, bang, sparkle, form inexplicable patterns, and shoot out igneous missiles at nothing, would be to utter what Immanuel Kant calls an "analytical proposition," and when we have recorded that the gentleman who sings comic songs in the orchestra first asks his hearers why the President of France is like a Vauxhall Cook, and then explains that it is "Because he recollects Ham and how he cut it," we think we have fairly demonstrated that wit is not at a discount at this establishment.

There was a *bal masqué* on Thursday night week, and on the whole, a new spirit seems to be present in the "Royal property."

AN ANECDOTE OF CRUVELLI THAT NEVER TOOK PLACE.

THE London correspondent of the *Courrier des Etas Unis* thus describes a freak of Sophie Cruvelli, at one of the Queen's recent grand concerts in the hall of Buckingham palace:—"You know that the English precision is proverbial over the whole world. The Queen, who always arrives a minute before the time, was seated, and the music was about to commence, when it was suddenly perceived that the artists were conversing together, and seemed to be consulting. The embarrassment of Mr. Costa, who was seated at the piano, was especially remarked. He, in quality of chapel-master to the Queen, organises, and has the direction of, her concerts. A few moments passed, which seemed centuries. Finally, the programme was examined, and the first piece, which was a quartette of Mendelssohn's, was omitted. The explanation of this enigma was then given: Mdlle. Cruvelli had not arrived! Habituated as we are in London and Paris to the whims and caprices of this young artist, no one could have believed that she would go so far as to keep the Queen and the whole Court waiting. But it was soon necessary to give up the evidence. Mademoiselle did not

come and had sent no message. The concert went on as well as it could. Ronconi, Mario, Lablache, Formes, Gardoni, sang several pieces, and they got along, well or ill, without the *prima donna*; when, finally, Miss Sophie made her appearance, after every one had ceased to expect her. It was a whole hour and a half after the concert began. She crossed the hall in its whole length, without being the least in the world disconcerted, and with the same coolness with which she would have walked in a retired alley of the Champs Elysées. Under the fire of a thousand eyes, she did not seem to imagine that she was the object of the attention—I ought to say of the general stupefaction. But the most difficult obstacle was to be overcome. In order to reach her place among the artists, it was necessary to pass before the Queen, and all those princesses whose eyes were fixed upon the singer with an invincible curiosity. Is that all? Miss Cruvelli advances, with a light and careless step, makes to the Queen a profound courtesy, so low that she seemed to touch the floor, and passes on to join her comrades as if nothing had happened. An imperceptible smile passed on the lips of her Majesty, but neither in her eyes nor in her brow was seen the least motion of anger. They took up patiently the pieces in which Cruvelli was to have sung, and the evening ended as usual. Could one be angry with such a mad-cap? Her nonsense was not only pardoned—the audience were amused by it.

Original Correspondence.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

ORGANS AND ORGANISTS.

SIR,—Very glad am I to see that it is your intention to devote a portion of the pages of the *MUSICAL WORLD* to the consideration of that king of instruments, the organ.

From the earliest times up to the present day no instrument has been found so applicable, so appropriate, so strictly devotional in its tone, and so suitable for the service of the Church as the organ. Would it not be a good plan to form a society, consisting of the clergy and some of the members of the musical profession, both metropolitan and provincial, for the purpose of supplying organs and organists to the different parish churches throughout Great Britain; the funds of the society to be raised by an annual subscription? Each church might then be supplied with an instrument suitable to its size, and with an organist who would conduct the musical portion of the service in a proper manner. A committee of professors could be appointed to examine and grant certificates to all candidates who might apply to them for examination. By this method we should have that important appointment of the organist vested in competent hands, and not, as at present, at the disposal of the churchwardens and a few of the rate-payers, who oftentimes will elect a person who is only connected with the musical profession because he can manage to play a few popular tunes, such as the "Sicilian Mariner's Hymn," "Rousseau's Dream," "Batti Batti," &c. &c. By the appointment of such Church musicians, how can we expect to have the sublime chorales of the Protestant Church, composed by Luther, Dowland, Blow, Tye, Purcell, Croft, &c. &c., performed in their grand simplicity and pure devotion by such organists. Had we a certain standard in church music, which a society like what I have mentioned would maintain, we might then have the choir not consisting of a few charity children, but of the whole congregation, as each organist's stipend ought to be sufficient to enable him to devote his time to the instruction of the congregation at large. Often have I sat in a pew at church, with ladies having beautiful voices, and who had received musical instruction for years, and yet not one of them knew how to join in a chant, or could sing in the psalm tune; this shows how little church music is understood by the English. Had the musical education at the different boarding

schools embraced a knowledge of church music, as well as the art of only playing polkas, and singing a few trifling ballads, we should have had not only a parish choir, but a congregational choir in all our churches. I conceive that the organ and church music must go together, they cannot be separated; for it is no use having good organs and incompetent organists, who are unable to direct that portion of the service with a pure spirit of devotion. If a society for the improvement of English church music existed, inspectors might be sent round yearly, to give a report how the service was conducted in the different parish churches; and our cathedrals might also come in for some share of attention; for some of them are far from being in an efficient state, and the organist, vicars choral, and chorister boys are not paid and educated according to the original intention of the statutes of the Establishment. Would the same effect be produced at our cathedrals at the present day which St. Augustine described on visiting the Cathedral of Milan? He says, "The voices flowed in at my ears, truth was distilled in my heart, and the affection of piety overflowed in sweet tears of joy." I must apologise for occupying so much of your space, hoping this subject will receive the attention its importance requires.

I remain, Sir,

Yours obediently,

THE AUTHOR OF THE "PAROCHIAL CHOIR BOOK."

CREMORNE GARDENS.

(From the Times.)

The passenger of Cheapside, who sees moving along in solemn slowness those large cubical vehicles which seem endowed with a sense of dignity enabling them to treat with proud contempt the execrations of cabmen and omnibus-drivers, while they convey the valuable information that there is to be an extra *fête* at Vauxhall, or that a balloon is to ascend from Cremorne, is likely to come to a very wrong conclusion. In the absence of better information he will probably think that Vauxhall and Cremorne are two furious rivals, each endeavouring to drag to itself the whole of the sight-seeing public—two violent propagandists, each endeavouring to found an exclusive faith by means of those pictured carts, which are so pleasing to the eye of the loungeur, and so irritating to the feelings of the man of business.

Nothing of the sort. The gardens are, of course, both of them putting forth their own advantages, but never was a contest that had more reasons to be friendly. Two rival Italian Operas cannot well overflow with mutual love, but, as for our gardens, they may pick bouquets for themselves, and interchange them as tokens of amity. There are, indeed, certain amateurs of dancing, and nothing but dancing, who will go late to both places, and recreate themselves much after the same fashion at each, but the æsthetic part of the community, who go fairly to enjoy the peculiar enjoyments of the two establishments, will find that each is governed by a distinctive principle.

The *savant*, who intends to enjoy Vauxhall, will take care not to be there before half past nine, when the complicated series of lamps will flash upon him at once in all their magnificence. But if he goes to Cremorne, he knows that that dazzling *coup d'œil* is not even aimed at, and that the more modest combinations of lamps will rather gratify than amaze his visual organs. He will, therefore, if he is an early man, drive to Cremorne at three o'clock, and take his dinner there; if less early, he will reach the garden by seven, but he should not be later. Then he will hear a concert by those black serenaders, whose mission seems to be the negative of the aphorism, which proclaims the mutability of all earthly things, and when these are gone he will witness a *ballet*, in which those faithful votaries of Terpsichore, the Misses Cushnie, appear as *premières*, and in which the grotesque element is exceedingly prominent. On quitting the theatre he will find that the shades of evening have deepened, and that the gardens have grown more brilliant. He will not be in fairyland itself (we must allow Vauxhall the monopoly of that old-fashioned appellation); but he will be in a region which fairies frequently haunt, giving evidence of their bright presence by sparkling from the trees, and shining through the grass. Without reaching the magnificent, or attempting great variety of effect, the whole spectacle is pretty, cheerful,

light, and elegant. If the *savant* has the execrable taste to be a smoker (which we hope he has not) he will now put a cigar in his mouth, and lounge about the walks, taking care to admire the really splendid fountains; he may, if he likes, try his luck at American bowls, Chinese bagatelle, or shoot at the two or three tin hares which run across a stage, constructed after a fashion well known in the Champs Elysées. Thus will he have filled up his time till about a quarter to nine, when he will enter the *Cirque Oriental*. This circus is one of the grand "amusements" of the gardens. Besides some very clever equestrians, the proprietor is blessed with the lesseeship of a posture-master, who evidently has no bones at all, and a couple of brother acrobats, who, suspending themselves at a terrific height from the ground, risk their necks in a style which might have awakened a sensation in Tiberius himself. Here we take leave of the *savant*, who will find the fireworks what fireworks are in general, and who will, of course, have instructed his mind by visiting the Caffres. These savages are not only interesting from recent events, but are fine specimens as models of muscular formation.

When we say that Vauxhall is a series of brilliant avenues and enclosures, fitted up for the night effect exclusively, and that Cremorne is the pleasant garden in which the daylight amusements, sometimes including aquatic tournaments, form an important part of the entertainment, we have amply shown why there is no cause of hostility between them. The man who is a *gourmand* in his amusements, and can only give himself one holiday in a summer, may, with a becoming fearlessness of cab hire, take a pretty copious draught from both fountains of delight, within the space of five or six hours.

Reviews of Music.

"THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER"—Ballad—Written by W. R. MANDALE—Composed by THOMAS BAKER.

"THE SYREN'S GIFT."—Written by CHARLES HALL—Composed by THOMAS BAKER. W. Alcroft.

"YOUTH'S ROSY DREAMS"—Ballad—Written by CHARLES HALL—Composed by THOMAS BAKER.

"THE YOUNG WARRIOR."—Words by GEORGE LINDLEY—Composed by THOMAS BAKER. Jullien & Co.

No. 1. "The Maiden's Prayer" we have already spoken favourably of in our notice of Mr. Alcroft's concert, where it was charmingly sung by Miss Louisa Pyne. It is a pretty and flowing ballad, and is exceedingly well written for the voice.

No. 2. "The Syren's Gift," is also a pleasing ballad of the *ad captandum* school, and possesses equally the elements of popularity. Not the least recommendation of the two ballads is the simplicity with which they are arranged.

Nos. 3 and 4 are ballads of a more ambitious character. In the first, "Youth's Rosy Dreams," Mr. Baker has successfully imitated the imitable Balfe, and has supplied our graceful Irish tenor, Swift—who is about to leave us to fulfil an engagement at the Lisbon Opera—with a strain that emulates in its swing the never-to-be-forgotten "When other lips and other hearts." Not that we accuse Mr. Baker of plagiarism, by any means—by no means. And in No. 4, "Young Warrior," Mr. Baker, mounting behind Mr. Linley on his Pegasus, has aimed at producing a kind of military bolero, and has hit the mark. It is a stirring song, and from the manly mouth of Mr. Sims Reeves, to whom it is dedicate, would doubtless produce a palpable effect. We may say generally that the words of the songs are good, and that we have seen better. We recommend the songs as good songs of their staves.

"THIS LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT"—A cheerful glee for four voices—By JOSEPH FRED LEESON—Hime & Addison, Manchester.

Although not distinguished for its melodic inspiration, this glee is harmonised with skill, and the modulations are free and

effective. Monotony is avoided by a happy distribution of the four vocal parts. There is only one fault in harmony to note—page 2, line 2, bar 2, when the chord of the 7th on F sharp is followed by the chord of the 8—3—2 on B. For the B in the treble Mr. Leeson should substitute A sharp, which would improve both the melody and the harmony, and render his glee—which has had the advantage of being sung on several occasions by Messrs. E. J. Edmonson, Phillips, Walton, and Smith—unassailable on all occasions. It is a good glee.

"LONG MAY VICTORIA REIGN"—A national hymn, by WILLIAM GLOVER—Addison & Hollier.

This is better than the glee. The harmony is fuller. The theme is bolder; which, however, may be attributed to the words which Mr. Glover has treated congenially. It is, indeed, a good table song, and the words are loyal, not to say patriotic. The glee was in E, but this is in F. Mr. Glover is the author of the oratorios *Jerusalem* and *Emmanuel*, about which there has been much bruit in Lancashire.

"I CANNOT LOSE THEE"—Glee for four voices—Composed by WILLIAM GLOVER.—Hime & Addison, Manchester.

This glee is chiefly remarkable for its smoothness. The harmony is somewhat thin, and the melodic ideas are sparse. Moreover, it is somewhat monotonous, but it is easy to sing, and would doubtless, amuse many amateurs of the table.

"OVER THE BRIGHT AND SPARKLING SEA"—Ballad—Words by MONA—Music by Mrs. C. SCAILES, Jun. Addison and Hollier, London; Hime and Addison, Manchester.

A very simple, very tuneful, and very unpretending ballad in G. The symphony is scarcely worthy of the rest of the song, which is not only highly commendable for an amateur and a lady, but might be honourably signed by a professor. The words by "Mona" are pretty and rhythmical.

"DAUGHTER OF FAITH"—Glee—T. McMURDIE. Addison and Hollier, London; Hime and Addison, Manchester.

This is a clever and professor-like piece of vocal harmony in five parts—alto, two tenors, and two basses. It is in the key of F minor, with an episode in free canon, and a coda in the major. The "voicing" is skilful and correct, as indeed was to be expected from a musician of Mr. McMurdie's reputation. The opening of the glee is solemn, and in good keeping with the words. The episode is bold, and contrasts well with it. The coda is cheerful, and again in consonance with the words. The glee is altogether to be praised for taste, correctness, and effective arrangement. The words consist of a striking passage from Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope*. We gladly call the attention of all glee clubs and convivial societies, where vocal harmony is cultivated, to this glee.

SIX MELODIES BY MENDELSSOHN—Arranged for the Organ, with Pedal Obligato, by JOHN HILES. Ewer & Co.

These little pieces are all extracted from Mendelssohn's pianoforte works; for example, No. 2, in B flat, and No. 3, in E flat, are the themes of the well-known sets of variations in those keys. No. 4, in D minor, is the subject of the "Variations Serieuses;" and the rest are, if we recollect rightly, adaptations from his work dedicated "as a Christmas present to his youthful friends." It seldom occurs that pianoforte music can be transferred to the key-board of the organ in so unaltered a form as we here find it. The organ-adaptor, however, has a mine yielding abundantly, and at small cost of labour, in the slow movements of Mendelssohn. His general style of thought, the diatonic strength of his harmonies, and their broad and open disposition for the instrument, bring them easily within the scope of this species of transfer. To fit them at once for the organ scarcely anything more is necessary

than a literal transcript of the notes, a judicious use of the pedal in the bass part, and a few directions as to the contrast of stops. That all this has been tastefully done in the work before us is the only remark necessary, for the pieces are intrinsically charming, and, in their present form, are a valuable addition to the organist's stock of interesting and useful music for his instrument.

We have one technical objection to make, however, which may serve as a guide to Mr. Hiles in future. In the first of these pieces, the swell reed, used as the accompaniment to the melody which is allotted to the choir, is employed in reiterated chords—"chop fashion"—while the bass appears in sustained notes given to the sixteen-foot pipe of the pedal. In this disposition there are two sources of false effect; firstly, the volume of tone emitted by the sustained pedal bass is too great for the required purpose; and, secondly, there are extremely few cases—this, certainly, not being one of them—in which reeds employed, as indicated above, produce any but a disagreeable effect. Two or more notes of a chord may be safely and properly reiterated, provided one—and which this should be, is the problem for the arranger's knowledge of his business—be sustained.

No. 15 of the ORGANIST'S MANUAL. Addison and Hollier.

The number of this work now before us contains the adagio from Mendelssohn's quartett op. 1, and an "Andante Maestoso" by Spohr; both being arranged by Mr. Hiles. To both these pieces we have little to say, except that they are musically charming, well suited to their present use, and, for the most part, well put into their present form. In the quartett "Adagio," however, there are several cases of mistaken effect precisely similar in nature to that referred to in the previous notice. Provided even one note on the manuals be held steady, reiteration may go on in the rest of the parts to any extent; but the universal *chop* into which the whole organ is thrown, over and over again, in this arrangement, is a fatal mistake to the ears of any one conversant with good effect, either orchestral or organic. It is a very common fault with arrangers for the organ to conceive themselves tied down to a literal transcript of the score before them. Not he is the best adapter for either organ or pianoforte who crowds his arrangement with all the notes he sees, faithful alike to their number and position; but he who, knowing and bearing in mind the technical peculiarities of his instrument, produces a version which impresses the listener with the greatest effect of *vraisemblance* to the original. In this process large departures from textual fidelity—notes added here, subtracted there, and manifold changes in their disposition—are frequently necessary; and to do all this safely and effectually demands much artistic feeling, a thorough knowledge of the orchestra and its intended representative—be it organ or pianoforte—and the moral courage and self-dependence these usually confer.

THE BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Our readers will find, in another column, the general programme of the approaching Musical Festival at Birmingham, which commences on the 7th of September next. The Birmingham Festival, established more than three-quarters of a century ago for the benefit of that noble institution, the General Hospital, has risen to be the greatest provincial music-meeting in the kingdom; and its importance as an agent in the cause of beneficence may be estimated by the fact, that the Charity has profited by it alone, to the amount of above *seventy thousand pounds sterling*.

The arrangements for the Festival about to take place are on a still more magnificent scale than those of any previous year. The list of vocal performers engaged will speak for itself to every musical reader; but we must express our peculiar satisfaction at observing the name of Madame Viardot Garcia, the sister of Malibran, whom she resembles in the greatness as well as the universality of her genius. We have pleasure, also, in seeing the names of Madame Castellan, the charming *prima donna* of the Royal Italian Opera; of Madame Clara Novello, and Mr. Sims Reeves, the most accomplished English singers of the day; of Tamberlik, the great

dramatic tenor, who has no superior in vocal power and in public favour; and of Formes, who has shown himself as great in English Sacred Music as in that of the German and Italian stage.—The Orchestra, 140 strong, and under the direction of Costa, will be of unprecedented talent and power, embracing the whole performers of the Royal Italian Opera and the Philharmonic Society, with many others of tried and approved ability. The Chorus, in like manner, in addition to the Birmingham Choral Society, will comprise a large number of metropolitan singers carefully selected. The whole body of vocal and instrumental performers will exceed five hundred.

The list of the principal pieces to be performed, too, will speak for itself. But we may call attention to two objects of peculiar interest:—posthumous relics of the lamented Mendelssohn; the one a portion of an oratorio entitled *Christus*, and the other a fragment of an opera called *Lorely*, both of which he left unfinished. We may also notice Beethoven's great Choral Symphony, a work of colossal magnitude and power, which has never yet been produced before a provincial public.

STRANGE, IF TRUE.

THE visitor in Paris has no doubt observed three or four blind men stationed at different points of the alleys in the Champs Elysées. These individuals have been playing the same air on wretched clarionets for the last thirty or forty years. One of them, the oldest, who generally took up his position near the Allée des Veuves, never let a day pass without coming, accompanied by a lovely girl of about fourteen or fifteen, whom he had adopted, and a white dog always artistically combed, and playing, or rather murdering, one of the French national airs, which he repeated *usque ad nauseam* for hours together. During this time, the little girl solicited charity; and even the dog, who was carefully trained for the purpose, howled in the most lugubrious manner, and never failed to attract the attention of the passers by.

The blind man's name was Crique-Touche. He had a friend, whom he had known from his youth upwards. This friend was blind like himself, and also, like himself, played the clarionet, but instead of the Champs Elysées, he had selected the Pont des Tournelles as the scene of his exertions. For the space of forty-three years, Galimard—for such was his name—had remained faithful to the Pont des Tournelles. He wore a large green shade over his eyes, while before him he had a bird-organ, which also served as his money-box. Four Revolutions had swept by, overturning everything almost in their course, but no one had ever thought of disturbing Galimard. He constantly had a child of ten years old with him, whom he got rid of as soon as the little creature grew up. Every evening, Galimard used to retire to his dwelling, which was nothing more or less than a small wooden shed built against the wall of an obscure house in the Rue Saint Jacques.

But pale Death, who,

"Æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
"Regumque turres,"

at last came and knocked at his door. Knowing that he would be obliged to let in his unwelcome visitor, Galimard called for a lawyer.

The lawyer came, and Galimard made his will. Two days afterwards he left the world for ever.

One evening we were traversing the Champs Elysées, when we were informed that a few hours previously a man, dressed from top to toe in black, had stopped before the blind musician, and interrupted him in the midst of his performance.

The following conversation then ensued between them:—

"Your name, Sir, I believe is Crique-Touche."

"It is, Sir."

"You are a beggar?"

"I am, Sir."

"And blind?"

"Yes, Sir."

"You have an adopted daughter?"

"I have, Sir."

"And a white dog?"

"Yes, Sir."

"You had a friend on the Pont des Tournelles?"

"Whose name is Galimard?"

"Whose name was Galimard," replied the individual in black. "His body has already been lying in the cemetery these three days."

The blind man uttered a piercing cry, and burst into tears.

"It is all right," continued the individual in black.

"Galimard has named you his sole heir. Here is his will. He gives you a little box, which he used to hide a few feet under ground, his organ, his clarinet—in a word, all he possessed. Now, I must inform you that the box in question contains 80,000 francs."

Crique-Touche was so much moved by this intelligence that his eye-lids opened, and displayed to the astonished lawyer a pair of lustrous black eyes. Crique-Touche embraced his dog and his little girl, and getting with them into a *fiacre*, drove off to the residence of the defunct.

All that the lawyer had said was strictly true. The 80,000 francs, in all sorts of coin, were found in the exact place Galimard had named. On the box was the following inscription:—

"Crique-Touche, my old friend, if Heaven closes my eyes before yours, I leave you this money. You can give Marianne a dowry. All I wish to take with me is my clarinet, which you will have buried with me. If you die before me, it is to Marianne, your adopted daughter, that I give all the money I possess. Think sometimes of the blind man of the Pont des Tournelles."

The two clarinet players had never been blind. For a week this strange adventure has served as a theme for all sorts of variations. Some day or other, we shall, doubtless, learn that Crique-Touche's adopted daughter has married a Russian Prince.

Such is the substance of the story of Crique-Touche and Galimard, as related by Monsieur Escudier. It does great credit to his powers of imagination, and proves that they are not at all impaired by the heat of the weather.

Dramatic.

DRURY LANE.—In our last number we had to chronicle the opening of this establishment, and in our present one we have to notice its close. The "season" began on Monday, the 26th, and ended abruptly on Friday, the 30th, being, we believe, the shortest on record. What on earth could induce any person to enter on an enterprise, such as the management of a theatre like Drury Lane, merely to shut it up again, after a space of five nights, we are at a loss to say. Horace tells us:—

"Dulce est desipere in loco;"

but if a man wants to go mad a little, he should select a more fitting scene for his exploits than the stage of old Drury, where his madness disgraces a national establishment, and entails unmerited loss upon a large number of poor

people, in the shape of stage-carpenters, ballet girls, and supernumeraries, not to mention the ladies and gentlemen engaged for the principal business. As public journalists, we feel that we should be wanting in our duty were we to pass over Mr. Sheridan Smith's conduct in silence. We are perfectly willing to put the very best construction possible on it, but we must say, that he had no right to enter on the management without being prepared to sustain a heavy loss at the onset. The speculation was entirely Mr. Sheridan Smith's, and therefore no one but Mr. Sheridan Smith ought to have been exposed to the chance of loss from it. We think that all the parties engaged were very hardly used; and, therefore, we notice very readily a letter which Mr. Buchanan has addressed to most of the daily papers, and in which he states, that no part of the blame rests with him; that he was engaged merely as a salaried actor, and that he had not in any way, the least share in the undertaking. We have every reason to believe Mr. Buchanan's statement, the veracity of which is beyond a doubt, seeing that, had it been otherwise, his letter would surely have been followed by another from Mr. Sheridan Smith, denying the assertion it contained. Mere report no longer possesses the power it once did even long after Virgil wrote his well known lines:—

"Fama, malum quo non aliud velocius ullum;
Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo;
Parva metu primò, mox sese attollit in auras
Ingrediturque solo et caput inter nubila condit,
Monstrum horrendum, ingens * * * * *
* * * * *
Tam ficti pravique tenax quàm nuntia veri."

Now-a-days, if report is not based on truth, the press is always ready to overthrow it, and thereby render justice to those whom report may, perhaps, temporarily have injured. Let Mr. Buchanan feel satisfied that, at present, no one believes that he had any share in the late unfortunate management.

OLYMPIC.—On Monday last a new drama, entitled *Sink or Swim*, was produced here for the first time. It was written, as the bills informed us, by Mr. Thomas Morton. No one can accuse that gentleman of being proud, after his having avowed himself, even before the curtain rose for the first time on the piece, as the author. *Sink or Swim* is certainly not very great, nor very new. It is a sort of concoction from a multitude of plays, among which we may mention *Used Up*, *A Cure for Love*, *Fortune's Frolic*, and *Hernani*. The principal character is Lord Yawnley (Mr. Hoskins), a reminiscence of Sir Charles Coldstream. His lordship, like Sir Charles, is tired of life, and therefore determines to drown himself for the sake of a little excitement, resolving, however, to swim out again in case the experiment should not prove as agreeable to him as he could wish. Arrived at the banks of the river that he intends to honour with his decease, he meets an old merchant, Adam Sterling (Mr. Farren), who has also determined to make away with himself, in consequence of his partner—moved, no doubt, like so many others, with a desire to proceed to Australia, although the author does not mention this fact—having run off with all the money belonging to the firm, which will therefore be obliged to stop payment. A scene now ensues between Lord Yawnley and Adam Sterling, which is exactly the same as one which we saw at the Haymarket, some years ago, between Mr. Farren and Mr. Buckstone. After a little dialogue, a great deal too comic on Adam Sterling's part, the two would-be suicides agree to defer their dip for a short period, and to return to

the old merchant's house, Lord Yawnley promising to give Sterling the money necessary to meet all demands on him. Lord Yawnley now makes the acquaintance of Ellen Sterling (Mrs. Walter Lacy), and, of course, falls in love with her, she returning the compliment with regard to him. Among his other worldly possessions, Lord Yawnley has an uncle, Sir Felix Frankman (Mr. G. Cooke), who is much concerned at his nephew's state of *Used-Upishness*. In order to rescue him from it, he determines to pass off a certain Stunty (Mr. Compton), his lordship's gardener and foster-brother, as the true lord, her own boy having, according to Sir Felix, been substituted by Mrs. Stunty, senior, in the young peer's place, at the time the old lady was acting as purveyor of the victualling department to both children. On receiving the intelligence of his change of fortune, Lord Yawnley immediately displays immense energy, and greatly enjoys bread and cheese, porter, and other articles with which the vulgar herd are in the habit of supporting life. His uncle is greatly delighted at the transformation he has effected, and confesses the fraud of which he has been guilty. Ellen becomes Lady Y., and the curtain falls. Such is, *à peu près*, the plot of *Sink or Swim*. The best feature about the piece is the acting. Mr. Hoskins, who has become as great a favourite here as he used to be at Sadler's Wells, was exceedingly good as Lord Yawnley, giving the first part of the character all that listless, *blasé* manner, which Sir Charles Coldstream first introduced to a British public, and imparting to the latter portion that downright, earnest energy by which his serious performances are invariably marked. We were sorry that Mr. Hoskins had not a better opportunity for the display of his undoubted powers. The other characters were also excellently supported. After the drama, a Miss Gordon, from the Theatre Royal, Dublin, made her first appearance in London, as Gertrude, in *The Loan of a Lover*. The *débutante* has a very pretty face, a nice figure, and an exceedingly pleasing voice. Her acting is far beyond that of the general run of young actresses. She was much applauded, and most deservedly successful. She is a great acquisition to the theatre. Mr. W. Farren, junior, played the part of Peter Spyk, with a quiet raciness of manner, and a degree of comic humour which surprised us very agreeably, seeing that the part is so much out of Mr. W. Farren's usual line of business. The theatre has been very well attended of late.

SURREY.—The present state of our musical drama reminds us of the story of the doughty warrior in Ariosto, who, as soon as his head was cut off in battle, whipped it on again, and renewed the combat. The national opera was dismissed from the Haymarket, and it appeared at Drury Lane; it was floored at Drury Lane, and forthwith it arose a two-headed monster at Sadler's Wells, and the Surrey. It was soon annihilated at Sadler's Wells, leaving the fair lessee of the Surrey to struggle alone with impending fate—when forth steps Balfe, with a commission from the divine Muse, to restore the sinking fortunes of English opera, and enable it to make one more struggle for existence; and well has he performed his divine mission. To drop trope and metaphor, the theatre has been crowded to excess every night since the production of the new opera on Monday se'night. Balfe's success has been the more complete, because his present work is one of moderate pretensions, being a light, comic, ballad opera, in two acts, of the *Don Pasquale* and *Figlia del Regimento* class. Although, like most of the author's productions, it is an uneven work, it contains more sterling music than any of his former operas that we have

heard, only excepting the popular *Bohemian Girl*. Among writers of decided originality, and unalloyed excellence, Balfe knows where to cull the choicest flowers of the art, and can weave them in wreaths of striking beauty and variety. The opera will be found to improve upon acquaintance. The style is more German than is usual with the author, and he has considerably modified his former slashing manner of instrumentation. To recapitulate briefly some of the most striking features of the opera, the first of these is the concerted piece begun by the Countess, "Can I believe my senses." Miss Romer's first song, which is always encoired, takes prodigiously with the audience, although its recommendations are popular rather than intrinsic; but her fortune-telling duet with Borrani is a delicious *morceau*. The second act is, on the whole, the best. The drunken, yawning song tells with increased effect; and Miss Poole's aria, which follows, is decidedly one of the classicities of the opera; so also is the highly dramatic duet, "Now, conditions being signed," between Miss Poole and Mr. D. Corri. The pretty and playful song for Miss Romer, "Were there ever seen such riches?" is another sure encore, and more deserving the distinction than the first song of this lady. But the gem of the opera is the duet with Miss Coveney, which immediately follows. This has a fresh and simple melody, pursued and accompanied with a truly German strength and simplicity, and is one of the most charming effusions that ever issued from the author's prolific muse. Of Balfe's habit of mingling cleverness and popularities in the same piece, the finale to the first act is an example; and again, the first part of the waltz-chorus in the last act is as trite and time-worn as the second part is elegant and melodious. Messrs. Travers and Borrani have been less fortunate in their share of the music than the other performers. Their songs, of which they have each two, are among the weak portions of the work, although they elicit the usual complement of encores. There have been some additions to the music since the first night. A difficulty, we understand, having arisen with the publishers, because Miss Poole's name would not appear on the title-page of any of the popularities of the opera, Balfe undertook to remedy this deficiency, and has, accordingly, supplied her in the last scene with a song, "Do not reject me," being a repentant appeal to her husband. It is a smooth and fluent melody, in G (♯), for which the syren obtained forthwith a most unequivocal encore. A *pas seul* also has been introduced, to a spirited dance tune, and encoired. The dramatic part of the business falls exclusively on the shoulders of Miss Romer, Miss Poole, and Mr. D. Corri. Miss Romer returns her best thanks to the author for her large and important share of the music, by her charming vocalising, and the exuberant spirit and humour of her acting; and Miss Poole shows the same graceful and intelligent self-reliance, vocal and histrionic, which invariably secure to her the favour of the judicious and well-informed part of the audience. This lady, who still retains the flush of youth, looks exceedingly well, especially in her rustic dress. Mr. D. Corri, who plays the basket-maker, is rapidly gaining popularity as an operatic buffo. That the new opera will rank in public favour beside the *Don Pasquales*, *L'Elisir d'Amores*, et id genus, may be predicted of Balfe's new work.

SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—The success of the *fête* on Wednesday and Thursday has even exceeded expectation. The gardens have numbered nearly 30,000 visitors each day.

Rural fêtes, like other rustic beauties, are better seen than described. The booths, with their ceaseless stream of visitors, presented, especially when lighted, a very gay and picturesque appearance. There were some additional fireworks. The discharge of rockets, and other aerial coruscations, were of unusual splendour and continuance. Is there no enterprising pyrotechnical genius who could make these evanescent brilliancies live in the air a few minutes longer? What a sight would be a canopy of them descending upon us! We must not forget the fair linnet, Cicely, who sang "Annie Lawrie," and, on the demand for a repetition, substituted "Sweet home." There was a rumour of continuing the fête on Friday.

MUSIC.

Music is the artistic union of inarticulate sounds and rhythm, exciting agreeable sensations, and raising mental images and emotions directly or indirectly pleasing. Such is pure, unmixed music. When conjoined to poetry, it is an art not of diminished importance, but of a dependent nature, its office then being to enforce the meaning of the words, and add a coloring to them. As an adjunct, it is a beautiful illustration of language; combined with the sister art, it becomes a highly ornamented kind of eloquence. Hence it will be seen that we widely differ from one who has been looked up to as an unquestionable authority, from the celebrated Rousseau, whose well-known definition of music—'l'art de combiner des sons d'une manière agréable à l'oreille' (the art of combining sounds in a manner agreeable to the ear) has been so generally received and adopted by those whose capacities and knowledge might have enabled them to take a much more enlarged view of the subject. One very learned Frenchman has repudiated the degrading description given by his distinguished countryman: M. Villoteau stamps it with the epithets insignificant and vulgar, considering it absurd and puerile; for with as much propriety might oratory be described as the art of combining words in a manner agreeable to the ear, or painting as the art of combining colors in a manner agreeable to the eye.

Music is a kind of language, and as such, says Metastasio, it possesses that advantage over poetry which a uniform language has over a particular one; for this last speaks only to its own age and country; the other speaks to all ages and countries. James Harris, in his philosophical "Discourse on Music, Painting, and Poetry," expresses the same opinion, even going to the length of asserting, that while a description in words has rarely any relation to the several ideas of which those words are the symbols, "musical imitations are intelligible to all men." Music is language that speaks by imitating, and as such it is understood by those who have successfully studied the art, and likewise by mere amateurs, who with little if any knowledge of its principles, have learnt the meaning of its expressions by long practice, by frequently hearing and enjoying its performance; but it can only express passion and sentiment very generally, and commonly fails when it attempts to particularize. This want of absolute decision in what is called musical language, is by some writers reckoned among its advantages, because it gives the hearer great latitude in interpreting it, which he usually does in a manner as congenial as possible to his own feelings at the time. Mad. de Stael goes so far as to prefer instrumental music, on account of the *vagueness* which she thinks one of the attributes of the former—that very vagueness which Fontenelle meant to impute to it as an egregious fault, when, in a transport of impatience, he exclaimed, "Sonate, que me veux tu?" Burke's opinion, however, coincides with Mad. de Stael's, if it did not actually prompt it. He says, "the passions may be considerably operated upon, without presenting any image at all, by certain sounds adapted to that purpose, of which we have a sufficient proof in the acknowledged and powerful effects of instrumental music." He, however, soon afterwards adds, that "in reality a great clearness helps but little towards affecting the passions, as it is in some sort an enemy to all enthusiasm whatever." This is rather startling as a general propo-

sition: if we admit as applied to vocal music, we must, *à fortiori*, allow that the finest compositions of that kind, which certainly leave nothing to the imagination of the hearer, exercise little, if any, influence over the passions. But being decidedly opposed to such an opinion, we must condemn it, though advanced by the eminent writer of "Enquiry concerning the Sublime and Beautiful," and supported by the distinguished author of "Allemagne." No one has written in a more enthusiastic strain on the power of music in imitating than Rousseau. The reader of the article "Imitation," in his Dictionary, will find little difficulty in believing all that is said of Orpheus and Amphion, if he suffers himself to be convinced by the florid, declamatory, extravagant passage to which we allude. The writer of the first "Bridgewater Treatise," Dr. Chalmers, has argued no less earnestly in favour of that musical language of which we are speaking. "Music," he says, "apart from words, is powerfully fitted both to represent and awaken the mental processes, inasmuch that, without the aid of spoken characters, many a story of deepest interest is most impressively told, many a noble or tender sentiment is most emphatically conveyed by it. . . . The power and expressiveness of music may well be regarded as a most beautiful adaptation of external nature to the moral constitution of man. . . . Its sweetest sounds are those of kind affection; its sublimest sounds are those most expressive of moral heroism, or most fitted to prompt the aspirations and resolves of exalted piety." Fontenelle, on one side, and Rousseau, with Dr. Chalmers, on the other, are at the two extremes on this question; the one from a deficiency of musical feeling, granting too little; the others from an excess of it, admitting too much.

A musical sound—which is a curious compound of other sounds, called harmonics, resulting from a number of vibrations in equal times—when produced by a fine voice, a rich toned violoncello, or a "mellow horn," excites in all who possess a moderate share of nervous sensibility, a pleasurable sensation; and this, Sir John Herschel observes, "is, perhaps, the only instance of a sensation for whose pleasing impression a distinct and intelligible reason cannot be assigned."

Dr. Beattie does not think it absurd to suppose that the body may be mechanically affected by sound. "If," he says, "in a church one feels the floor and the pew tremble to certain tones of the organ; if one string vibrates of its own accord when another is sounded near it, of equal length, tension, and thickness; if a person speaks loud in the neighbourhood of a harpsichord, and often hears the strings of the instrument murmur in the same tone, we need not wonder that some of the finer fibres of the human frame should be put in a tremulous motion when they happen to be in unison with any notes proceeding from external objects." Most persons must have witnessed the effect of a street-organ on some of the canine species, apparently willing auditors, who, if not driven away, continue to howl all the while the instrument is playing. Whether they are painfully affected, and their tones those of distress, or agreeably, and they become responsive, does not appear; though if distressed, the probability is that they would fly from the cause. But Dr. Mead tells us that a celebrated violinist of his acquaintance, perceiving that his dog betrayed symptoms of great suffering on hearing a certain passage performed, repeated it for some time, in order to try the result, and the experiment proved fatal to the poor animal, who "dropped down at the feet of his master, where in a few seconds he died in the most horrid convulsions." The surprising and hitherto unexplained connection between form and vibrations producing musical sounds, so beautifully shown in Chladni's experiments on plates of glass strewed with sand, and put into sonorous vibration, thereby throwing the sand into various symmetrical figures, may be here incidentally mentioned, though it does not now shed any new light on the subject before us; nevertheless, by proving something like sympathy, and of a much more extraordinary kind than that between two strings, in mere matter, it may at a future period lead to interesting discoveries.

The effect of rhythm, or measure, is universally felt and admitted; the most polished inhabitants of Europe, and the most barbarous natives of the arctic regions, are alive to its influence; it is that which reduces unmeaning sounds to order, converts them into melody, and bestows on them proportion and a power to

charm. The chirping, or whistling, or singing, as it is called, of most birds, being devoid of rhythm, affords no pleasure but what is derived from association; while the single note of a drum beaten in time, combining sound and measure, is gratifying in a certain degree to every hearer. Indeed, with the ancients, rhythm was of paramount importance, if not almost everything, in what they denominated music, a term under which was included much that it does not imply in modern language. Aristides Quintilianus, the best of the seven Greek writers on music collected by Meibomius, remarks that rhythm is the object of three senses, namely, the sight, as in dancing; the hearing, as in music; and the touch, as in the pulsations of the arteries.

(To be continued.)

Miscellaneous.

JULLIEN'S OPERA.—Great expectations are formed of the success of M. Jullien's new opera, *Pietro il Grande*. Those who have heard it rehearsed speak in the most glowing terms of its brilliancy and beauty; and we are informed that, as a *spectacle*, it will equal any as yet produced on the far-famed stage of the Royal Italian Opera. To the enterprise of Mr. Gye, the public are much indebted for giving them an opportunity of hearing an entire work by so popular a man as M. Jullien. Almost every box and stall is already bought up.—*Atlas*.

ALBONI.—A correspondent informs us that Alboni is at the Falls of Niagara, enjoying the *otium cum dignitate*, in anticipation of the busy musical season at New York.

MR. T. M. MUDIE, the composer and pianist, whose residence in Edinburgh gives an air of musical classicity to Auld Reekie, is at present in London. He has brought with him some new compositions for the piano, well worthy the attention of our mighty and prejudiced music-publishers.

JOSEPH JOACHIM has left Paris, after paying a friendly visit to his gifted compatriot, Stephen Heller. He is at present in Brussels.

Mdlle. ANDRIANOFF, first *danseuse* at the Imperial Theatre of Petersburg, who has recently been so successful at the Grand Opera of Paris, has arrived in London. She will perform one of the Russian national dances in M. Jullien's opera of *Pietro il Grande*, at the Royal Italian Opera. Mdlle. Adrianoff is not only agile and clever—she is young and pretty—essential qualifications in a dancer.

MADAME ALBERTAZZI, the vocalist, died in 1847, on the 25th of September, thirty-two years of age. Malibran died also on the 25th of September, and also at the age of thirty-two, eleven years previously—in 1836.

MADAME CHARTON leaves London on the 13th inst. for Marseilles.

NORWICH FESTIVAL.—In addition to the oratorios of Dr. Bexfield and Mr. Pierson, Mr. Henry Leslie's Festival Anthem (which was first introduced at Mr. Hullah's monthly concerts) will be performed.

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT ON A GRAND SCALE.—A correspondent of the *London Literary Gazette*, writing from Cologne, says:—"Our Rhenish papers are eloquent in their anticipative descriptions of a 'grand vocal tournament,' which (I quote the phrase of the said journals) will be connected with a pitched battle between various composers and their schools. It is not, indeed, expected as a matter of course that the rival artists and performers will raise against one another the strong hand, though, considering the constitutional irascibility of the German mind, such a contingency is by no means out of the question; but they propose, and it is to be hoped they will war with sweet sounds, and wrestle with the power of harmony. The great event is to come off at Düsseldorf, on the 1st of August, and preparations on a large scale are already making for a gigantic 'Singer Hall,' which will hold 800 performers, and 5,000 hearers. There is but one such Singer Hall in the countries of the Rhine, and this is the hall at Arnheim, which must serve as a model for the one to be built by the people of Düsseldorf. Its length is 170 feet, its depth 78 feet, and its height 80 feet. From another part of Germany there is likewise news of a musical festival or tournament at Bal-

lenstadt, under the direction of Liszt, the pianist. The programme, which has been published, includes Wagner's overture to *Tannhäuser*, an aria from Mozart's *Figaro*, a violin concert by Beriot; a duetto from the *Huguenots*, a fantasia for pianoforte, orchestra, and chorus, by Beethoven; the finale of Weber's *Euryanthe*, and Beethoven's ninth symphony. And all this in one day! For the performance of the second day includes again a list of five tremendously long pieces, by Raff, Wagner, Meyerbeer, and Mendelssohn. Our musical critics sneer at the very substantial fare, in a musical sense, which the managers of London concerts place before their audiences, but surely the above programme of the Ballenstadt festival shows that German delicacy is not always afraid of a surfeit.

THE GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION, Mr. Land Sec., consisting of Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Dolby, Mr. Frank Bodda, Mr. Francis, and Mr. Land, are, we understand, engaged at the Birmingham and Norwich Festivals, and at Miss Whitnal's concert at Liverpool.

DEATH OF MRS. WILSON, WIFE OF THE LATE EMINENT VOCALIST.—We regret to announce the death of this lady, in a manner equally sudden and distressing. She had gone into a bathing machine at Portobello, accompanied by a female friend, about six o'clock in the evening of Saturday last, and although earnestly dissuaded by that lady, on account of the lateness of the time and her full habit of body, resolved to enjoy the pleasures of a bath. Her friend remained in the machine to see her through the operation; and it appears that the deceased, instead of walking down, plunged from the top steps with a violent immersion into the water. She did not rise after making this plunge, and this at once excited fear on the part of her friend, who instantly gave the alarm; and, as several ladies were bathing beside the spot, assistance was immediately rendered, and the deceased's body, which was lying motionless at the bottom, was lifted by them into the coach, which was, without delay, pulled ashore. A medical gentleman was sent for, and the body being taken into the baths, every means were employed to restore animation, without effect. On an examination of the appearances presented by the deceased, the forehead being livid, and the jaws rigid, it was evident that she had been seized with a fit, it is believed, of apoplexy, when she plunged into the water, and that her death was owing to that, and not to asphyxia, or drowning.—*North British Daily Mail*.

AN AUTHOR TO LET.—The following anecdote is told by the author of the Paris letters in *l'Assemblée Nationale*, and quoted by *l'Industriel Calaisien*:—"Some days since a manufacturer happened to be dining with a magistrate. All the guests were enjoying the lively talk of a novelist, who also works for the theatre, and, by the way, works exceedingly well. That evening he was full of fun; his wit sparkled like a discharge of fireworks. The dinner went off like a flash of lightning! (This, you perceive, is a French way of writing briskly for the country newspapers). When they had left the table the manufacturer took the novelist aside, and with a bow, said, 'Ah! Monsieur, how much you have gratified me!' "Monsieur!" "No, really; you have a great reputation for talent, but I did not expect to find you so amusing." "But, Monsieur," continued the manufacturer, "my wife is indisposed." "Ah!" "For some time past she has been dull and out of spirits. Would you have the goodness to come and dine with me one of those days? You will amuse her." "You believe that I shall amuse your wife?" "I do, indeed. Do come." "Very well, Monsieur; but of course you know the terms?" The manufacturer stared at the novelist. "The terms!" he repeated, like a man who tries to understand what is meant. "Certainly," replied the other, without hesitation: "when I dine out—with a manufacturer—that's five hundred francs." "Ah!" "To be sure! You manufacture chemicals, or cotton goods, or beet-root sugar, or heaven knows what; you sell those things, and get your living by them, don't you?" "Yes." "I," continued the novelist, "work my brains, and I live by what I can spin out of them; that's my merchandise, you understand. When a gentleman invites me to dinner, to amuse his wife, who is dull, that's six hundred francs." "What a capital joke!" "No joke at all! Madame your wife is a little low; *eh bien!* send me the cash, and I will come and divert her." The dinner has not yet been reported.—*Dickens's Household Words*.

THE JUNIOR UNITED VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL SOCIETY.—We call attention to an advertisement in the columns of our current number under the above title, directed to juvenile vocalists and instrumentalists. A society has been formed to give encouragement to native and foreign artists as well as amateurs, for exhibiting their talent in public, and to bring them into early notice in the musical world. Such a society has certainly its uses, and we shall be happy to tender it our support at the outset. Mr. Crivelli has lent it his countenance, as well as other professors of note.

MUSIC IN EVERYTHING.—"A very sensible living writer on musical subjects carries his harmonic investigation throughout the circumstances of his daily life, and finds music where nobody else would think of looking for it. He will determine the pitch, not only of the wheel of the grind-stone, and the drone of the spinning wheel—the whistle of the wind in the key-hole, and the click of the clock—but will also name the note of the hoarse thunder crash and the tempestuous gust; and, having assigned its place in the scale to every sound that accompanies the movement of the noisy world, even persuades himself that silence is some mysterious interval below the pitch of a 32-foot C. Returning home late one night, in company of a friend, who communicated the story, he filled all the pauses of the conversation with these scientific revelations. It was a stormy night, the rain pattered upon the trees; 'E flat,' said Mr. —. In a pause of the storm, an ass was heard to bray, 'C natural,' said the quick-eared sage. The sough of the wind slid from D natural to a diesis above G sharp. At this crisis a tremendous crash was heard; it was a falling tree. 'That, I think, was as nearly as possible'—and at the same moment, proceeding heedlessly on in the dark, he stumbled over the prostrate branches. As he fell to the ground, he uttered a loud 'ugh.' 'B flat!' said his friend, 'and no mistake.' 'You're wrong; B sharp,' said the fallen man; 'help me up.'—*Manchester Courier*. [To be found—the point of this anecdote.—Ed.]

MEMORY OF MUSIC.—The readiness with which the memory lends itself to the service of music is another standing phenomenon peculiar to her. By what mysterious paradox does it come to pass that what the mind receives with the most passivity it is enabled to retain with the most fidelity, laying up the choicest morsels of musical entertainment in its store-houses, to be ready for spontaneous performance without our having so much as the trouble of summoning them? For not even the exertion of our will is required: a thought—aye, less than a thought—the slightest breath of a hint, is sufficient to set the exquisitely sensitive strings of musical memory vibrating; and often we know not what manner of an idea it is that has just fluttered across our minds, but for the melody, or fragment of a melody, it has awakened in its passage. By what especial favour is it that the ear is permitted a readier access to the cells of memory, and a steadier lodging when there, than either of the other organs? Pictures, poetry, thoughts, hatred, loves, promises of course, are all more fleeting than tunes! These we may let be buried for years; they never moulder in the grave, they come back as fresh as ever, yet showing the depth at which they have lain by the secret associations of joy or sorrow they bring with them. There is no such pitiless invoker of the ghosts of the past as one bar of melody that has been connected with them; there is no such sigh escapes from the heart as that which follows in the train of some musical reminiscence.—*Quarterly Review*.

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